## POLLAROCRACY:

An American Story.

BY A NEW HAND

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CHAPTER II—SOCIETY.
The Clid World flatters itself that we of
New originate less than we initate,
yet the taunt true it need cause us no
count for it is no more than to put into emlace fact that the opporvesterday. A man may toy on or project for the greater time, with little profit to himrs; but the superior advantages oys of training and new surnent. They say, across the America follows in the old -World art. Gainsborough and are their modest counterparts Stuart and Fuller; Constable. likle live again in Church fount. The French school in our own day, lerion. Ran-est survives in Abbey, and caturists of the cockiney guild as allesto chain if they could see and touches animate some urants to native fame. Bu owner—a line art, an art sec-in its designiful blending of h utility. He must farever over having perfected the fine large business with recreation with it is impossible to detect along however. me line comes in.

> to the mannest he stees into manet the affairs of the day. moment of his entry to that has everything through his to speciacion. He feels that rapic hero in the melo-ite, and comports himself The slightest approach to during energy business hours as between which probably if he relaxes under the influis only to dry up tenfold by on his return. He does e contrary, he is at the bot

of business I; the most stimuminable. He is given a other fumes. He succines right through the high is rather a short one, of it must in boyish function what he supposes to er up to eaten the train lose. The phase, what-utury only. You can see begish smile and toke and the is all sunshine, our man-sunshine flaked with that soud away in sheer ing momentarily eclipsed the

niety at work pays a stiff price is no. No less than this the a throw off the worry of work to the Briton is a slave from is a free man from four to ter cousts, truth to tell, is in that or the belief display of isoments of motto design contraders. We are honores butten to our friend's friend statume's acquaintance; are our listing still be sitting, still be

to all the scotting of a demoti s beginning.

by was one of the luckler few

for this part native part is he would long are, and to have brusen down, mind the cut, it hold himself in sewere, long enough to prepare with other men he had long-

steet self-mastery. By this rule it may be called, he quality of sien who wished in or whom he wished to use. - clear orbs of his mon providen, and narrowly watch ver which would indicate reckened on finding cirker When the other man's gaze and firm as his own, he conr measurements. eg. Blarnaby wasenot fas vet

CAPTER III - BUSINESS.

constant: a good plot good of expectation Shakespeare. times. Everybody was everything; money was too financier and too scarce for rule was dult; society was a new sensation; the tark approaching presidential elecing like a storm-cloud in the and the weather had changed of disorderly behavior. He or the pinch whichever way Asemployer he had been freed with the services of a large orkinen, and lower the sea more, to whom the jargen of resteration of wages. As a pelmy brought no consolition though they lost him many. party and himself. And in his and social dominance, by no sity of keeping up his costly g, even if it made inroads upon ed fortune of the marrow hand man was the orac Next to him stood the gentle-

om Blobbe hurried off to see when k wall motopolized the great man's n. This was Fotheringham. Mr. ngham was the dashing field officer

eingham was the dashing field officer cried out the orders of the general hi aide. He was a broker and he in broken. He knew the ropes fore: Unlike his distinguished co-religion. Mr. Abram Sebag, Mr. Fothering was one of those who think it good sto round of those racial corners haske names stand boldly square. I would the failor of the Lazarus who lowed the fastion of the Lazarus who brmed himsel into a Lawrence, and es who becane a Moss, and the Si no budded in o Simmonds, and the who blossomed into a Disraell, and Cellized Ezelgels, Juckson-ized Jacobons Lawson-ized Levis, and their tribe. Whenhe had the disfortune to fail he alled as Mordecal Haman, his rightful ann, it needed litte reflection to perceive e fates counsiled a prudential modi-a. He reflected that the phoenix whice rose from its 1 shes evidently adopted the sine policy, for t has never been seen under its old name size. The resolve be-ing rate, it was foll wed by an honorable



provise that the change hould only be on the sturface, a more charge of form, not of a destance. With this toderstanding, Mr. anded its syllables into elegant Methmer De Kay ha" through its equiva nts-hay, fodder f ther durustic parlam ), to the act of foldering, fothering; and the same with this 'man,' French having, varying to him' for cupliony and closer cover, he flattored himself he was sorn to conquer nature itself.

Mr. Moreimer DeKay Fotheringham's

Mr. Mortimer DeKay Fotheringham's turn of fortune came see after the change. Being a very presentable man, well set up, prosperous looking and comething of the Spanish style of male begry about his face it is not very surprising hat he courted and soon wended a South in helpess with a taste for foreign blood. The Fotheringhams cut a dash in metropultan society—at least the "society papers" said so.

Mr. Fotheringham knew the value of a newspaper by intuition. He had a profound respect for the press, as an intricate machine which did its griding in beautiful obestience to the varying tree of steam and

found respect for the pret, as an intricate trachine which did its griding in beautiful obscience to the varying tree of steam applied. It was his hobby t study the pipes, and the screws, and a offen tested the amount of pressure required to make the wheels go round. It was natural that he should take an interest in the brilliant.

phalanx of women and men the illuminate

the journalistic orb with ne genius that enables it in its turn to illut nate the com-mon world. Mr. Fothering am delighted

to fraternize with the Scribe and Pharisees of Park Row. Occasionally e would wine or dine a handful of them. a his office or

his house, in the way of g d-fellowship, for a more disinterested a nirer of the craft never broke bread, and he was al-

ways happy to give any reporter first-rate

het gossip. There are not many of his status who baye either the god-will, or the

tact, or the ability to furnish off-hand the

three days of Blobbe's mission of Fothering-ham in Blarnaby's interest. Atheringham layited several of his trusty press friends

knew that he would not have ent for then

if he had not something to ammunicate and they were sure that, what ver the com-

Mr. Fotheringham's inner office was more

of a drawing-room than a place of trading The heavy pile carpet deadened all sound

rich curtains hid be doors, and a pretty array of of decenters, bottles and glittering glasses

around him the well known Palirey Pryer.

a gentleman who had rises through the sev-eral grades of reporter, city olitor, stop-gap spring poet interviewer, to his pres-

at distinguished post as serio-humorist on

the Daily Revolver. His salars was of mythical proportions, but then whatever he

touched turned to gold in the office. Near

him was Tinkler, the person who prints the menus, and the patterns of the wallpaper

and carpets and dress-shirts of certified

aristocrats, to order, in limitation newspa per form, as so much per hundred copies

cuts extra. "Society" journalism was represented by Corporal Cantwell, of the Sur

day Prattier, whose cousin was narried to a millionaire. The rough diamond over in

the corner, who finds the Broadway window handy as a cuspidor, is Mr. Judah
Snifter, ex-editor of the Yankton
Galoot, new in these parts but of
great fame out Dakota way. His
three-line editorials in the Evening Cocktail can be felt quite half way round the
block. Mr. Puelim Cooney was another
ready writer on anything, from politics to
potatoes. Two ladies graced the gathering. The romantic visuaged dauge with the

potatoes. Two indies graced the gathering. The romantic-visaged dame with the silvery cur's and cherry lips is Mrs. Euphemia J. Shicksper, the talented author of 'Curi Paper Idylls," 'Just How to Write Poetry," "The History of Bandoline," etc., etc. Mrs. Dr. Aphraditic O'Clam is that impressively intellectual

the corner, who finds the Broadway

tournalism was rep

to meet him in his private onice, qui enthusiastic little crowd assembled.

munication, it would be worth having.

gave an artistic finish to the sanctum Fotheringham presided over the brilliant conclave in solitary majesty. There sat

So it is easy to believe that when, within

naternal for a column or so I money a et gossip. There are no many of

stopl. She is eminent alike in the fields of home and foreign politics, medical science and woman's wrongs. As we shall make farther acquaintance with these skilled op-erators, we had better listen to Mr. Foth-

eringham as he chattily addresses them:
"You will see, ladies and gentlemen, th immense importance of the enterprise in whose behalf I venture to enlist your in-terest. I need not say one word about my friend—and your friend—Mr. Blarnaby, for you know him as well as I know him my-self. He is a man who lives very near to those who hold the balance between our own country and her great rivals across the water. You know, perhaps better than I do, that one of these fine mornings Mr. Blarnaby is likely to wake up in the bed of the president of the United States, and I think. I am sum, wa all know he has a the president of the United States, and I think-I am sure-we all know he has a good memory and a true heart. Now, you are interviewing me especially upon the Laramie and Yellowstone Lake railroad— got that down all right? Thank you. The corporation of which Mr. Blarnaby is the nored presinent controls a certain terri-y in Wyoming, which literally glistens with valuable minerals that poke their noses out of the rocks and cry 'come and

Not only that, but now, quite by chance we have discovered a practically inexhausti-ble yield of asphaltum, a commodity we have been hauling over from Europe for years. This mears simply boundless wealth, not only for those of us who are investors, but wealth for the nation. Don't you see it? We propose to run the two con-cerns separately. The railroad was wanted anyway to connect the Union Pacific with the Northern Pacific lines, and was a good thing by itself; but now, we are going to float a second syndicate to develop the mineral yield, and primarily the asphalt supply "I'll tell you why. Isn't New York's disgrace to eivilization for its pavements Yes, I knew I needn't argue that point. What can be more clear than that the mo-ment we produce—as we shall—the very best asphalt in the world, and demonstrate that it is also the cheapest—as we can— there will be an instant demand for every ward, and it will take years to supply New York city alone! This is something like a

And then-just note these points down as I touch them, won't you?—thank you. Take the large view, the national, the pa-triotic view. The railroad is like any other railroad; it will employ a certain number of hands and develop traffic in a certain steady ratio. That's a small thing comparatively but picture the measureless development of but picture the measurcless development of the mines! Why, gold and silver mines are ephemeral affairs to this! Here are the very identical minerals our country most needs, doesn't produce, didn't know she had them! Coal, iron, copper, tin, asphait! Think of it, ladies and gentlemen! Why, they talk about free trade, and protection, and the grinding down of the poor laborer—what does it all mean? Just this—what we can't produce ourselves we have to import, and that's where all the trouble lies; but now, now, mark you, we stand up and say to the American people. 'Reforce, for your day has come! We myite you to help yourselves to your own treasures, and keep your earnings and profits in your own hands!" There were signs of a desire to applaud, but Mr. Fotheringham and

it Mr. Potheringham stuck to business.
"But this is not all. We hear people protesting against immigration, and calling for its prevention or decrease. But don' you see that if we can find work for every body that comes, the more the merrier, for every worker shares his earnings with you and me and everyone else? I want you to follow me here. We shall absorb all the loese labor there is now available in this country for the railroad alone, and we shall works require thousands were surely require thousands upon thousands to work the inheral wealth. This is not an out-of-the-way place, like Panama recollect. It is abeautiful country, fertile reco'lect. It is abcauding the want these healthy, and wealthy. We want these points brought well out, if you will please make a special note! Thank you,

will follow. Of course, that's a little side

tip for your private ear, ladies and gentle-men. I hope I have made it clear that our

dual scheme is not a mere financial opera

magnitude."
There was no mistaking the impression

this exposition had made upon the hearers. In more than one breast a secret resolve had been made to sound Mr. Fotheringham,

as soon as a strictly private interview could be had, as to the fikelihood of an opening for a new paper in the territory; or, per-

haps an appointment as agent for the new railroad; or even an inspectorship over the new immigrants. Mr. Suifter led off with

in extra impressive demonstration through

Ef I kitch on, yew jest want a right re-

the window as preface to a little inquiry

vivin' boom fer the Laramie an' Yellowstu-

tracks, with a social salvation streak licked onto it tol'able thick, afn't that so!"

"You've struck it square, Mr. Snifter.

"Then I guess I'm jest the fixture fer a occial correspondent to go out and do fer se Lavimie what Wash'n'ton Irvin' did for

Astor's Astoria, only my book would make his take a back seat, fer I speak the Wild

West langwidge—see!"
"A capital suggestion, Mr. Snifter; won't

you make a note of it and submit it to me again later on—thank you."

Mr. Snifter began to discover in a dim

way that the Wild West method of "getting shead" has other disadvantages in the bet-

ter-mannered East besides the giving away

rices unable to express the pride and satisfaction and joy your magnificent scheme inspires in me, as a patriot and as a woman, Mr. Fotheringham, I am sure I am only voicing the sentiments of our friends

here, who voice the sentiments of the American people, when I congratulate you on

your noble work—a work, sir, which—"
"Pray don't leave us yet, gentlemen!
Pardon me, madam, for interrupting so
gratifying a—"
"I had not intended a speech, Mr. Foth-

eringham, as I ghall have the honor of stating my cordial approval of the scheme over a wider journalistic area than some whose pens are tied to a single sheet—"
"Mrs. Shicksper's ink may be diluted to water a vast area, but some of us object to be maid of all-works.

be maid-of-all-work to the syndicates, chimed in the astute Mrs. Dr. O'Clam.

Mrs. Shicksper's summery face was framed in a wintery coffure, but it looked all the brighter for the March wind that

eemed to sweep across it from the neigh orhood of Mrs. Dr. O'Clam's high stool

Her still pretty eyes danced gaily to the unexpectedly Christian mildness of her

"I feel unable to express the pride and

of one's little ambitions.

tion, but a patriotic movement of the

but I don't see them in the papers now. Have you given them up?" The two ladies continued their chat to themselves, and were as happy as two turtle doves in three minutes. The men had little to say to each other. They felt the journalist's fidgettiness to get rid of their secret, and each threaded his way through the street half unconscious of where he was or whither he was going. So do the cares of this evil world eat up the virtuous soul

of the modern newspaper man.

Next day but one the miraculous happened in an age of unbelief. Every one of the daily papers seemed to have been be-witched. They had all hit upon the same way of saying the same things about same subject, at the same time, with the same enthusiasm, the same original com-ments, and with the same practical moral. And in the editorial columns there were the same special attention to the same remarkable story in the news columns. But the pa-pers had not been bewitched, of course, Such a superstition is impossible now-a-days. They had only been bewizarded. Everybody was talking of the great nev enterprise that was to develop the country, put an end to importation of raw material mineral form, and furnish a triumphant solution of the pauper labor problem. Fotheringham had made a grand stroke though it had been preceded, and was to be followed by others which we shall be there to see. The scheme was floated.

And in the fertile mind of Mrs. Euphemia

J. Shicksper another Blarnaby scheme be-

CHAPTER IV.-LONDON. Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade, There the pale artist plies his sickly trade: And while he sinks, without one arm to save,

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
—[Goldsmith.
When Mr. Blarnaby called upon Mr.
Horg, as arranged in Miss Bennison's
morning room, he had, as we know, not the
least notion that his name had been taken
in vain by Genie. When he left Mr. Hogg,
after nearly an how's covered coversation. after nearly an hour's earnest conversation he was none the wiser. The two men understood each other fairly well. Blarnaby eye was not the kind to send shallow-na "students of character" into either raptures or shudders. It was neither large nor small, bright nor dull, black nor bive. It was just a plain, practical, w serviceable eye, with a world of agacity and resolution in its fathomless It took a man's measure before he realized he had been looked at. The Blar-naby eye could see through us as we see through a frog when put before an intense light. The difference between a wise man and a fool consists in this—the wise man sees into what the other only looks at; the one only uses his senses, the other his sense. Blarnaby was a very wise man, always bearing in mind that we are all of us more or less lunatic.
It's only a question of how often our lucic intervals come, and how long they last.
He thought to himself, did Mr. Blarnaby,

n leaving Hogg's house, something of this ort: "Hogg is just the man for me, (yes, hang that if)—if I can get hold of him. He's young enough to be tickled and old enough to be foxy; he's a good fellow, lots of friends, and served my well in placing me in the best circles in Engiand—be and Miss Bennison too, good soul. But he seems shy about things of late. It looks as if he isn't going to like my coming to the front as candidate. Shouldn't wonder if he is getting ready to work against me. He hasn't forgiven my reach! that make the mism to the front is cardidate. speech that made mince-meat of slik-stock-ing politicians who grudge honest workers their patry gams because the dudish re-formers can aford to be patriots for notiing. Yet he shows no feeling, and hasn't left the party. His soft place is hi bump of conceit. He wants to be big badly enough, but he's ten times more hun-gry for people to think him big. If they only would, his constitutional indolence would make him content with the reputation. H way with your superfine reformers. can induce him to be the figurehead of the National development scheme, he shall en-joy all the glory he wants, and 1—the work. loy all the glory he wants, and I—the work. Can't get at his influence over the Benison circle. Has he any? And the English crowd—if I could find out just what they all think of his fancy reforms and ranch notions! Wonder if he has an eye on the Dabchie girl? Smart child, that; plenty of lucre to come, too. I don't believe he even knows her family history. Hope not, anyway. Well, Hogg is a shy bird, but worth waiting for a while longer."

waiting for a while vaiting for a while longer."

And what was Hogg thinking at the same time! Just this: Blarnaby is all there, I don't like him, and yet I do like him. He is too elever by half, but that's exactly the sort of fellow we want. Who can feel proud of respectable medicerity in high places, even when it is respectable. Blarnaby's puissant brilliance may east a dark shadow, but it is genius of a sort, and that's something to point to, anyway. But he's so confoundedly tricky. You never know where you are, and just when you are cer-tain he's clean knocked out, he comes up smiling and a victor. I shouldn't wonder if sming and a victor. I shouldn't wonder if the Laramie affair doesn't turn up the best trump of the suit. If it does, Blarnaby will be our second Washington, the deliverer of his country from its most danger-ous enemies, those within its own house-Here am I, posing as a reformer, a progressionist, friend of the working man, and all that so t of thing—can I afford to give the cold shoulder to one who is actually doing what I only talk about! And here another thing: Blarnaby appeals to my sense of patriotism to checkmate the odious plottings of the alien rabble who want to involve our country in rows all around by joining him in multiplying the bands, com mercial, social, and political, which unite us to our kinsfolk in Great Britain. How can I with decency refuse my help? Why, he crowning happiness of my public life will be the satisfaction I shall feel in havg shared in effecting the closer union of no old land of our fathers with ours Well, I mustn't be rash. What a droll little

puss that Genie is! The object of Biarnaby's call upon Hogg we are only sole to guess at from their thoughts. Nor would we be justified in wasting time on that interview while other matters of more importance await us. to now we have been watching what Blar-naby and his friends have been doing since his return from England. The Scheme has been fairly floated, and for the present let us leave it to the chances of wind and We want to know what Mr. Blarnaby went to England for, and what he gained So we will go back a few mouths to that bright morning of promise, in June, when a room on the Esthetic was stuffed stupidly full of flowers, nature's perfect handiwork forced into hideous artificial "floral piece" monstrosities, in honor of the Hon. De Witt

M. Blarnaby. This was not his first trip. He had been to England before. The first time he went as one of a party of friends, including one or two literary persons, simply as holiday makers, and to realize the fascination of treading on the hallowed ground of history. Next time he went with business in his eye, planning investments, studying the ebb and flow of money markets, and making friends in the tents of Mammon. He had crossed the ocean several times since then, and it ministered agreeably to his self-appreciation as he found himself received by a even widening in the life. an ever-widening circle with the courtesie due to a distinguished American states for such he was taken to be made his way readily enough, for besides the inexhaustible stock of classical quotations and allusions which every ex-senator feels bound to trot out in conversation. Blarnaby had a rich store of funny stories even the most Puritanical of our countrymen take pride in accumulating. On the strength of these treasures of memory he had built up even in his own land a wonderful reputation as a dinner-table wit so that the prosier English folk naturally looked on him as a prodigy of Yankee

But Blarnaby was not content with his triumphs. The trading community were very well in their way. He felt perfectly at home among them; had no fault to find with their cordiality. He would never have spoken his thought aloud, but in very deed did he think that the English middle class was not good enough for his present purpose. And he was perfectly right.

Year after year Biarnaby had been taking note of the proving a temper of American.

silvery cur's and cherry hips is Mrs. Euphensia J. Shicksper, the talented author of "Curl Paper Idylls," "Just How to Write Poetry," "The History of Bandoline," etc., etc. Mrs. Dr. Aphraditic O'Clam is that impressively intellectual personality who prefers the too office of the control of

aristocrats, and the prevalence of what is ridiculed as Anglomania, indicated to his aristocrais, and the prevalence of what is ridiculed as Anglomania, indicated to his mind this fact—that there is a movement in progress which is steadily blending the best interests of the two branches of the old Anglo-Saxon family. The best people on both sides best understand each other, and love each other, and the closer they come teacher. oome together the sooner will the worst foes of both be confounded. The tendency, so Blarnaby was convinced, is for the old families and distinguished names on both sides to join hearts and hands (and why not pocketbooks!) in their common interest.

That tandency every consideration bade That tendency every consideration bade him sympathize with and encourage. As a man of affairs, as a statesman and a philanthropist (for such he wished to be considered) he saw that he had everything to gain

by promoting it.

This was the actual reason why Blarnahad sought the good offices of Mrs. Benni-son and Mr. Hogg. Once within the aristo-cratic fortifications, he could trust himself to bring up his reserve of city friends when-ever he might be unable to capture his garrison single-handed. (To be continued.)

WINE WATER.

DE SOTO FOUGHT THE INDIANS

IN TITUS COUNTY.

Numerous Relics Bear Out the Assertion. The Historian of De Soto's Party Describes the Famous Springs.

Correspondence of the Gazette

MOUNT PLEASANT, TEX., Aug. 19.—During DeSoto's adventures in this then wild country, he made a step for some weeks near the present site of this city, and after several trying engagements with the In-dians turned his face towards the east, dying upon his arrival upon the Mississippi river, where his remains were placed in a rustic coffin and at midnight taken out into the center of the stream and sunk to the

The old breastworks built by De Soto and his men are still here and in a fairly good state of preservation, considering the satiquity of their origin. He had several very bazardous engagements while here. and for several weeks had a nearly constant battle with the natives. He made extensive breastworks west of the city, and another about two miles east of the city where they were driven from the Indian's sacred springs which are situated just one mile southeast from the courthouse square. The extensive breast-works are one mile east of these springs ind are clearly marked as the work of warriors. A single stately walnut tree rises from their summit. The tree may have been planted by some of DeSoto's men, as it is of great age. The earth thrown up was a red clay not intended to facilitate the growth of vegetation, but this magnificent specimen of the slow-growing valuat tree. pecimen of the slow-growing wannut tree about twenty inches in diameter. Around these breastworks have been

found implements of war, consisting of broken swords, etc., of the style in use at the time of De Soto's existence; also speci-mens of the rude products used by the Indians in their warfare. In the mounds wilt here and there over this country been found many curious relies, consisting mostly of earthenware, arrow-heads, sea-shells, etc., many of which are to be gath-ered for an exhibition hall at the springs,

now being improved as a health resort.

M. De Monaunt, a Catholic priest who accompanied the daring De Soto on this eccacompanied the daring De Soto on this occa-sion as the historian of the party, gives some very interesting data, describing the country from the Red river to the springs at this place. He speaks of the Red river as being a sluggish stream of red-colored muddy water, crossed by the party while passing southward following Indian trails. He then describes the landwarks crossing He then describes the landmarks crossing Sulphur and on southward until ferced to build breastworks, of which his care-ful description is completely filled by the above referred to. As further evidence that there can be no mistake about this matter, his description of the appropriate the west of the

can be no mistake about this matter, his description of the springs to the west of the last works thrown up just before their departure for the Mississippi is sufficient. He says, "the springs just west of our last battle-ground are wonderful to behold. Some of them bear a wine-colored water, pure and clear. They are the color of rich wine and are exceedingly refreshing. Others of these springs are as clear and as sparkling as the dews of heaven, and others are the color of a clear sky, but all are guarded with jealous care by are guarded with jealous care savages who have legends these waters were given by the Great Spirit to make warriors strong and to make old

The above account by the historian M. De Monaunt is good evidence that the breastworks alluded to are the ones made by De Soto, as there is no other locality containing such combination of springs as these, though there are some containing the wine-colored water, but not so bold and attractive as the ones here. The historian re-lates some strange data about these springs too lengthy to here relate, but as further evidence that this is the identical water, he said, "we filled our vessels with wine water and started eastward, but had not gone far when to our surprise this ous water had broken the vessels and leaked out."

Now it has been frequently known to break a flask when experimented with by the people who have, for amusement, car-ried a bottle of this water away with them to play a joke on unsuspecting friends who could not tell this water from wine, and it will break any ordinary flask at any time if filled with this strange water and corked tightly. Notwithstanding all this account of this water its virtues have never been advertised to the world, though there are men living here to-day who will make eath that this water cured them of Bright's disease, and will furnish the local physician's certificate to attest the statement

THE SOUTHLAND.

Published by the Montgomery Advertiser, Jan uary, 186k Though other lands may boast of skies

Far deeper in their blue. Where flowers in Eden's pristine dyes, Bloom with aricher hue: And other nations pride in kings. And worship lordly powers: Yet every voice of nature sings, There is no land like ours:

Though other scenes, than such as grace Our forests, fields and plains, May lend the earth a sweeter face

Though other streams may softer flow In tales of classic bloom,
And rivers clear as crystal glow,
That wear no tinge of gloom;
Though other mountains lotty look,
And grand seem olden towers,
We see, as in an open book.
There is no land like ours!

Though other nations boast of deeds
That live in old renown,
And other people's cling to creeds
That coldly on us frown;
On pure religion, love and law,
Are based our ruling power—
The world but feels with wondering awe,
There is no land like ours:

Though other lands may boast their brave. Whose deeds are writ in fame.
Their heroes he er such glory gave
As gilds our country's name:
Though others rush to daring deeds,
Where the darkening war-cloud lowers,
Here, each alike for freedom bleeds— There is no land like ours!

And Wellington adorn. America, her Washington, And later heroes born:
Yet Johnston, Jackson, Price, and Lee,
Bragg, Buckner, Morgan towers.
With Beauregard, and Hood, and Bee—
There is no land like ours.

Though other lands Napoleon

REMEMBER. as you lay plans to increase your business that The GAZETTE is read by 30,000 people every day. It goes into THE HOMES

HOME, SWEET HOME!

'Bab'' is Once More Among Her Kindred and Friends.

AND THE DARLING BABIES.

The Game of Politics During the Heated Term-Beautiful Summer Girls with Satin Cheeks Like Roses Blooming in the Spring.

Special Correspondence to the Gazette. AT HOME IN NEW YORK, Aug. 25. Is there anything in the world quite as good as getting home? You have ridden on steam cars and scoffed at the idea of calling the parlor chairs comfortable, you have sailed on steamboats down queer, narrow rivers, where the trees seem to make a bower for them to go under, you have ridden on coaches up the mountain side, and yet the most delightful drive of all, the most interesting towney is the one made most interesting journey, is the one made from the station to your own home. You laugh at the idea that the streets are dirty, they don't seem so to you. You smile when somebody says that you are being joiled ever the cobblestones, and you are so gial that you feel as if you were driving on down

been doing—you think of the numerous messages you will have to send out saying you are back, and how you will take up the strings that form the web of life, straighten them out and begin over, and you have a new interest in life because of this. Then you think of the summer days that you have had—the long, golden days—and you get up from your favorite chair, and you walk over to where there stands a little picture of a tiny baby lying in a busket and you look at it and think how that little body the garge counted series. But I don't want to think about the disagreeable things, now that I have come home; I want to remember the gargeeable case, the pleasant neopie. on look at it and think how that little body fought for life, how the bright eyes looked on those they loved until they could look no longer, and how the little hands reached out for help, and no human being could give it, and then the migel of death came, and the little baby has gone where the days are always golden and where no tears are shed. And you find that you are shedding tears, and that your faithful four-legged friend is polling at your skirt, as much as to say, "How foolish you are to cry." And then you and he go over and sit down tegether, and you try to think it all out. You re-member how many mothers there are weep-ing for their babies because they are not, and you remember how like a filly locked this little one who was so near to you, and then you put your hand up before your eyes and you say to yourself, "The rest of us have grown up, have seen the sin and sorrow of this world, are sentred from the battle, and when those who loved us years ago meet us in the hereafter they will find men and women-which means people who have suffered, people who have sinnedbut, let us pray, people who have been for-given. But you and I, my friend, will find THE RAMIES JUST THE SAME

they left us, sweet, pure and innocent, and we find them that way: they have never grown old, they have never looked on sin, they have never grown weary in work, but just as they went away, they are waiting for us, and it seems as if a woman, whose little child had died, ought to be as good as she can, because on the other side of that great river, there is an innocent heart waiting for her to come." And then the doggle and I get up feeling better, and we look at the picture again, and we think, yes, both of us think, that, certainly, "of such is the king-

think the average politician is like. average politician is the one who has not yet learned to let other people tell him everything that he already knows, without betraying his knowledge. The average politician is the one who really believes that the people who talk a great deal about their influence have it. Now, the successful pol-itician must be as bard-hearted as the proverbial rock; he mustn't mind having all his personal affairs exploited, and he must be totally impervious to the hits the newspapers give him; he does not seem to dress but probably in that he pleases some of his constituents. THE POLITICIAN'S MANNERS AT THE TABLE

are not always what one would wish, but when the affairs of the country are at stake he can't be troubling himself about his method of feeding—for that he too often does. The successful politician counts everybody as of worth-he doesn't know who may govern a vote, and he is so imbue with this idea that it is probable before h departs from this world of Democrats and Republicans, he will see if he can't arrange a syndicate of votes to get him inside the gates guarded by St. Peter. He is fully alive to the value of little things, and he is also alive to the worth of money. The poli-tician who used to treat everybody else is now gone out in favor of the one who lets people treat him. He usually plays a close game of poker, and you do not wonder that he is successful in politics when you notice the policy of his play; he never comes in unless he knows he is going to win, and he looks at the people who pay to see a hand "just for curiosity," with a kindness that is too condescending to be sincere. He has a fashion of throwing one ace on the table and calling for four cards, because as human nature comes out in poker, or rather as po-litical nature does, he wants to make you believe that his hand is as open as the day Maybe it is, but I doubt it. I never saw politician do that, but he didn't got the other two aces that he wanted. happens I know not; but I suppose it is his pull on the game of chance.

You can't get him to say one word against the powers that be; he may loath them, but by word of mouth he is legal to them. If you happen to be on the other side of the fight as I generally am, you will discover that he deals with you in a gentle but sympathetic way, and while he tries to convince you that way, and while he tries to convince you that you are an awfully nice woman, he will tell you he thinks it is a pity that you are not surrounded by men who would make you understand just what the questions of the day really are, and just how, if you understood them, you would be on his side. He finishes up by admiring your frock, and after that you are a more than ordinarily strong-minded woman if you don't go over to side, at least while you are visiting in his neighborhood. The politician is interestneighborhood. The politician is interest ing—but you always wonder after you have met him if in the beginning they were no created men, women and politicians. Not that he is not human. Oh, dear no! But a vote with him counts more than all the emotions put together, and in his heart he wonders how men live who don't touch the button, and let the voters do the rest.

THE LOVELIEST SUMMER GIRL. There, now, I have told her what I know about politicians, and she asks me: "Where did you see the prettiest girl during the summer!" And I told her the truth: "In Washington at a minstrel show. She sat justin front of me with two men-one, her brother, the other, her sweetheart, I am sure; she had a skin like satin; great, clear gray eyes, with black lashes and brows, and the most superb black hair I have evseen in my life; it was simply braided and wound round and round her head until it was an absolute crown of glory, and I didn't wonder when she took her hat off. It was delightful to look at her; she laughed at everything funny, and her laugh had that curious silver ring in it that is so attractive. It is a small matter. Her sweetheart looked at her—he was a TEE GAZETTE

great, big, fine-looking chap-as much as to great, big, fine-looking chap—as much as to say: 'You are the drarest thing in the world.' And it was only the persuasion of my maternal parent that kept me from telling her how pretty she was. There are a lot of pretty girls in Washington—they are not particularly well dressed and they don't seem to know how to make the mest of their good looks, but they always remind me of those roses that live out of doors during the winter, and bloom in the spring and ing the winter, and bloom in the spring and summer, that while they haven't so many petals and are not so large, are yet a thou-

petals and are not so large, are yet a thousand times sweeter than the cultivated rose, which, gaining in size, has lost its chief charm."

On can't the women gossus!

Well, what displeased me the most, she wants to know then. The gossips at the summer hotels. I see some woman had another one arrested, or something of that sort, for talking against her, and though I don't know who the people are. I don't doubt that it was descreed. In the old days the semantal-monger used to have to so in the scandal-monger used to inve to set in the stocks, and it is a pity their don't revive the custom now. Women say the mos-horrible things about women without flucing, and the summer sup, which makes all the weeds spring up, soons to bring the scandal-monger to the fore with them. I is none of your business, and it's none of mine, where a woman ge's her clothes, but that is a favorite question by the casseminator of news at the summer hotel. It's none of your business and it's none of mine as to the relations between people, so long public place. My friend, we kneel beside sincers in chartch, we are going to meet them in a givant many other places, and we may be thankful if our own account on the book of life is as straight as that of some of the scanses, then you just sit down and cry because you are so glad you are home. You walk around the room, the place where you know you can be alone if you wish, and you caress the books, you lay your cheek against the picture of somebody you love, and then you wonder what everybody else has messages you will have you are so glad you see home. You wonder what everybody else has messages you will have you are so good to the summer.

You wonder what everybody else has messages you will have you go have here you have you are so you will have you are so you will have you are so you will have you have here you have you will have you are so you will have you have here you wonder what everybody else has messages you will have you are so you will have you are so you walk and you have here you have you have you walk around the room the places. My friend, we kneel beside sinners in chartch, we are going to meet them has given to have a going to meet them he given beside you are so that you are here you have any other places. And we may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the book of life is as straight as that of some may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account of the may be thankful if our own account

the agreeable ones, the pleasant people? have met, the kind words that have been said, the dors with whata I became as quainted, even the organ grinder who ma quantes, even the organ grander who made music for me, and gave me the kind of box that only an Italian organ grander or a stage brigant can manage. It's much better, after all, to just put down in year book that pleasant things. It is much better to blot out even the memories of the people you didn't like, but try and remember, and remember well, the lesson that the summer time has taught you. You have learned that speech may be silver, but silence is gold. Silence as to the disamreables, silence about your own and other people's

HOW ABOUT OUR REGIONS? Have you or I any right to look currously or even speak about eyes that look as if they had been shedding tens?
Have you or I a right to wonder in speech why two people who are married seem to

why two people who are married seem to try to ignore each other!

Have you or I a right to fluid fault with somebody because she doesn't choose to give us her whole history!

Have you or I a right to take it for granted that something is wrong simply because we haven't had explained to us the constitute which is right?

something which is right?
No, we haven't. Socially we have but one right in this world, and that is to mind one right in this world, and that is to mind our own business, and I don't mean that in its masty, hard sense, in the sense of never doing a kind thing because we are so wrapt up in ourselves. I mean it is the sense of attending to our own affairs and not discussing or interfering with those of our neighbors. The right way to mind your own business is to follow the golden rule, and to do may other. do unto others as you would be done b

It Is Malaria Teat Alls You. If you have a constant dull headache, or a periodical neuralgia on one or both sides of the head, malaria is the cause. If you have a furred torgue, so appearing heavy feeling at the pit of the stongene, beicking of wind, it is malaria that sees it. Shives of nervous calls, flages of heat sold sweat, and a feeling to hot or too cold, are sweat, and a fe destroying pois trated by mala ly, that entire escape is a such Pe-ru-na is a boon Pe-ru-na will prevent or chills and fever and fever and ague when all other medicines fall. For sale at most drug stores. Directions on each bottle. For a free book on malarist diseases send to The Pernia Medical Company Colum-

THE CAUSE.

BY ROTTH RANDAL. For The Gauette

They sat together 'neath the trees,
And felt the cooling Southern broaze
That fanned the heated face.
The seem of roses filled the air.
And there was perfume everywhere—
A most delightful place.

He talked of happy days in ste

But as she turned with queenly grace, A look of pain vame o'er her face. And tears beran to flow. He stooped and kissed her lovely cheek, And begged that she would only speak. And let him share her woe.

But no confession would she make.
It seemed as if her heart would break—
in vain he strove to cheer:
At last she leaned upon his broast.
And said. 'I think you might have guessed—
Twas those green apples, dear.

The Strange Case of Gratio Kelleia. Gratio Kellela himself, a Maltese man, was born of parents who possessed the ordinary number of fingers and toes. He had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. His wife possessed the ordinary number of digits. Four children were born to this couple. Salvator, the eldest boy, had the six flugered condition of his father represented in full. George and Andre resembled the mother, but the hands and feet of the former were slightly deformed. Marie, the daughter, had also five fingers and five toes on each hand and foot, but her thumbs were developed somewhat out of proportion.

As regards the second generation-ail the children having married partners with natural hands and feet-of Salvator's four children three showed the six fingered condition. George had two girls with six fingers and toes, and a third girl with six fingers on each hand and six toes on the right foot, but only five toes on the left, and finally a boy with the natural number of digits. Andre had many children, but all had normal hands and feet; and of Marie's family a boy had six toes, while her other three children showed no departure from the natural type. - Dr. Audrew Wilson in Harper's.

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